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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume Two | Richmond, California, Friday, September 14, 1934 | Number Thirty-One

Democrats Plan Vigorous Campaign

The Old Democrat

Written by Himself

If you had attended the organization of the Democratic County Central Committee you would have seen a replica of the old days when Boss Buckley, blind as a bat, watched over the politics of San Francisco.

* * *

As political king, with a thousand criticising and accusing fingers pointing at him, the Good Lord had taken away his sight, that the windows of his soul could not view the sordid situations into which he was continually plunging San Francisco by the aid of district captains, ward heelers and hangers on. Therefore his countenance never reflected the guilt in which his conscience must have been steeped.

* * *

But the Day of Reckoning came. And with it the Boss was enmeshed in a trap. By the aid of the vipers of political intriguers he extricated himself temporarily and left between two suns for parts known only to himself.

* * *

I shall not go further into the Ancient History of Boss Buckley, but advert to the picture as reflected to the observer on the organization of the County Democratic Central Committee last Tuesday night at Martinez.

* * *

The Boss was there in spirit, and his representatives were there in the flesh.

* * *

The flabby-jawed Man Friday, with porcinious eyes, the balls of which rotate toward his nose when the "hat work" of lining up the shallow disciples requires his intelligent administration, promises and threats. Discountenanced and discredited in his own heath by those who are more conforming to right conduct, he selects his henchman with but one convolution of brain matter—and uses them like automatons, for which service they never receive recompense or go anywhere, politically or otherwise.

(Continued on Last Page)

UPTON SINCLAIR
Democratic Candidate
For Governor
Will Speak Over
KHJ, KFRC, KMJ
Radio at 7:30 to 7:45
MONDAY NIGHT
September 13th
TUNE IN FOR YOUR
OWN BENEFIT

Y. L. I. Meeting

The Young Ladies Institute conducted a busy meeting last night, making preparations for the grand president's visit on September 20th, and plans for the Big Dance to be held October 20th. Miss Mary Davilla, president presided; and Madeleine DeBolt was in charge of the social afterward. New members are desired.

Mrs. Banc Salle leaves next Sunday on a two weeks vacation to Los Angeles by motor.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW

The PROGRESS understands that the San Francisco Bay Toll Bridge Authority plans to turn over to the Key System and Southern Pacific Railway the privilege of transporting commuters across the new Bay bridge and HOPE it will not be necessary for the Southern Pacific to raise the fare over the present TWENTY-ONE CENTS!!!

Now we understand that the toll to be collected from these railroad companies by the Bridge Authority will be two or two-and-one-half cents per passenger.

The cost of transporting one passenger from any part of Oakland, Berkeley, or Alameda, is one token or ten cents. Plus a toll of 2 cents makes a total of either 9 cents or 12 cents.

The taxpayers pay for the bridge.

Why, then, should the Southern Pacific and the Key System get the benefit? Why can not the Bridge Authority operate this transportation on the bridge at cost for the benefit of all taxpayers?

This bridge was originally conceived with the idea of breaking the Southern Pacific stranglehold on the Bay communities.

PARK SPARKS

Until we hear a little more about this East Bay Regional Park Board business, we imagine the PROGRESS will struggle alongside of our big Richmond daily newspapers in looking askance at the proposition. Whynell we should pay the East Bay Municipal Utility District $3,000,000 for lands which we already own is just a little past our questionable intelligence at this time. Of course, when Mr. H. W. Shepard, Berkeley, appeared before our city council and claimed if we would buy $2,000,000 worth of our own land for park sites we could float bonds for 3½ per cent instead of 6 per cent which we pay on utility bonds, it occured to us that maybe we better sell the whole district and save 1½ per cent on all utility district bonds, as long as it is our land, anyway. In order to do this, we wonder if we should have to pay the water district about 100 millions in order to save taxes.

Why not look at your water bills, and your tax bills, and remember that this year two directors of the utility district are to be elected at the general election. As if that made any difference; because all we would have to do to elect any one of these directors at large would be to have the Joe Knowland and Mike Kelly and Jack Galvin and half a dozen more political machines to even let them know we had a man running.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS SPONSOR RAFFLE

A beautiful hand-sewn quilt is to be raffled off by the Native Daughters, and the Progress urges all to buy and help the worthy movement.

County Committee Backs Sinclair

Indorsing and giving their full support to the standard bearers of the Democratic Party—Upton Sinclair for Governor and Sheridan Downey for Lieutenant Governor—and pledging the delegates to the State Convention to support the chairman and platform acceptable to Sinclair and Downey, the Contra Costa County Democratic Central Committee united, with but one dissenting vote, to carry the Party to victory in November. The initial meeting was held at the Court House in Martinez last Tuesday night.

A spirited contest ensued in the election of officers for the committee. For chairman, A. C. "Gus" Lang, a pioneer Democrat of Richmond, was opposed by Robert W. Willis, of Martinez, the latter being successful. For secretary, Robert J. Adams, of Richmond, was elected over James W. Allen, of El Cerrito. Edwin B. Sellers, of Oakley, was elected vice chairman and Harry Hoffman, of Walnut Creek, treasurer. Delegates to the State Convention were M. B. Mulcahy, Pittsburg, for the senatorial appointment, and Emma E. Pearman, Richmond, for the assembly appointment.

The tabulation of the vote is printed in this issue.

The principal feature of the meeting was the speech made by "Gus" Lang which won for him an ovation, the applause lasting fully five minutes. Mr. Lang declared, among other things, that he had no regrets in losing out in the contest for the chairmanship because he was advised that if he were willing to sacrifice a friend he might have been chairman but to him "a friend was worth more than any hollow honor a political meeting could bestow on him." He also said that "if Upton Sinclair does nothing more than destroy the Republican-democratic state machine he will endear himself in the hearts of a grateful people and beyond doubt the people of Contra Costa County, now oppressed by cheap Bossism will be blessed by this relief and see the sun shine again."

After the election of officers, full harmony was restored with the passing of the resolution endorsing the Sinclair candidacy and pledge of support by delegates. The resolution is printed in full in another column of this week's PROGRESS.

TEXT OF RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE DEMOCRATS

The following resolution was presented at the meeting of the Democratic Central Committee by Harry B. Burt, editor of the PROGRESS, and a member of the committee. It was passed by a vote of 22 to 1.

"WHEREAS, the Contra Costa County Democratic Central Committee is a representative body duly elected by the people of the Democratic party, and

(Continued on Editorial Page)

HOW THE DEMOCRAT COMMITTEEMEN VOTED ON OFFICERS

	Chair.	Sec.	Res.
J. W. Allen, El Cerrito	Lang	Allen	Yes
Earl F. Bacon, El Cerrito	Lang	Allen	Yes
John Alexander, Richmond	Lang	Adams	Yes
Dan Nozaglia, Richmond	Lang	Allen	Yes
Joseph Perasso, Richmond	Lang	Adams	Yes
Augustus C. Lang, Richmond	Lang	Allen	Yes
Harry B. Burt, Richmond	Lang	Allen	Yes
Robert J. Adams, Richmond	Willis	Adams	Yes
Emma E. Pearman, Richmond	Willis	Adams	Yes
Thomas Kenny, Richmond	Willis	Adams	Yes
Michler M. Dowling	Willis	Adams	Yes
Pat Lucey, Jr., Crockett	Lang	Allen	Yes
Thanet P. Haugh, Crockett	Willis	Adams	Yes
A. A. Machassy, Martinez	Lang	Allen	Yes
G. G. Dawson, Martinez	Willis	Adams	Yes
John M. Gifford, Martinez	Willis	Adams	No
Robert W. Willis, Martinez	Willis	Adams	Yes
Henry Hoffman, Walnut Creek	Willis	Adams	Yes
M. B. Mulcahy, Pittsburg	Willis	Adams	Yes
Joseph E. Aiello, Pittsburg	Willis	Adams	Yes
Ruth N. Vieira, Antioch	Lang	Allen	Yes
Edwin B. Sellers, Oakley	Willis	Adams	Yes
Robt. H. Wallace, Brentwood	Willis	Adams	Yes

TOTALS: Chairman, Willis 12; Lang, 10; Secretary, Adams, 15; Allen, 8; For the Sinclair Resolution, 22; Against, 1.

The KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. VAN DINE

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SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, expert in solving crime mysteries, is called in to investigate the supposed suicide of Archer Coe.

CHAPTER I—Continued

—2—

"It looks as if our suspicions were unfounded," he said in a low voice. "Coe is sitting in his chair, a black hole in his right temple, and his hand is still clutching a revolver. The electric lights are on. . . . Look, Vance."

Vance was gazing at an etching on the wall at the head of the stairs.

"I'll take your word for it, Markham," he drawled. "Really, y' know, it doesn't sound like a pretty sight. And I'll see it infinitely better when we've forced an entry."

At this moment the front door bell rang violently, and Gamble hastened down the stairs. As he drew the door back, Sergeant Ernest Heath and Detective Hennessey burst into the lower hallway.

"This way, Sergeant," Markham called.

Heath and Hennessey came noisily up the stairs.

"Good morning, sir." The sergeant waved a friendly hand to Markham. Then he cocked an eye at Vance. "I mighta known you'd be here. The world's champeen trouble-shooter!" He grinned good-naturedly, and there was genuine affection in his tone.

"Come, Sergeant," Markham ordered. "There's a dead man in this room, and the door's bolted on the inside. Break it open."

Heath, without a word, hurled himself against the crosspiece of the door just above the knob, but without result. A second time his shoulder crashed against the crosspiece.

"Give me a hand, Hennessey," he said. "That's a bolt—no foolin'. Hard wood."

The two men threw their combined weight against the door, and now there was a sound of tearing wood as the bolt's screws were loosened.

During the process of battering in the door, Wrede and Grassi mounted the stairs, followed by Gamble, and stood directly behind Markham and Vance.

Two more terrific thrusts by Heath and Hennessey, and the heavy door swung inward, revealing the death chamber.

The room, which was at the extreme rear of the house, was long and narrow, with windows on two sides. There was a bay window opposite the door, and a wide double window at the left, facing east. The dark green shades were all drawn, excluding the daylight. But the room was brilliantly lighted by an enormous crystal chandelier in the center of the ceiling.

At the rear of the room stood an enormous canopied bed, which, I noticed, had not been slept in. On the right was a large embayed book-case filled with octavo and quarto volumes, and, facing the door was a mahogany kidney-shaped desk covered with books, pamphlets, and papers—the desk of a man who spends many hours at literary labor. To the left of this desk, in the east wall, was a large fireplace. Gas logs were in the grate. About the walls hung at least a dozen Chinese scroll paintings. Had there not been a bed and a dressing table in the room, one would have taken it for a collector's sanctum.

These details of the room, however, protruded themselves upon us later. What first focused our attention was the inert body of Archer Coe, with its quiet pallid face and the black grisly spot on the right temple. The body was slumped down in a velour upholstered armchair beside the desk.

There was an expression of peace on the thin aquiline features of the dead man; and his eyes were closed as though in sleep. His right hand—the one nearest the fireplace—lay on the end of the desk clutching a carved ivory-inlaid revolver of fairly large caliber. His left hand hung at his side over the tufted arm of the chair.

There was a straight windsor chair behind the desk, and I could not help wondering why Coe had selected the armchair at the side of the desk, facing the door. Was it because he had considered it more comfortable for his last resting place in life? The answer to this passing speculation of mine did not come for many hours; and when it did come, as a result of Vance's deductions, it constituted one of the vital links in the evidential chain of this strange and perplexing case.

Coe's body was clothed in a green silk-wool dressing gown which came near to his ankles; but on his feet, which were extended straight in front of him, was a pair of high, heavy street shoes, laced and tied. Again a question flashed through my mind: Why did Coe not wear bedroom slippers with his dressing gown? The answer to this question also was to prove a vital point in the solution of the tragedy.

Vance went immediately to the body, touched the dead man's hand, and bent forward over the wound in the forehead. Then he walked back to the door with its hanging bolt, scrutinized it for a moment, ran his eye around the heavy oak framework and lintel, and turned slowly back to the room. A frown wrinkled his brow. Very deliberately he reached in his pocket and took out another cigarette. When he had lighted it, he strolled to the west wall of the room and stood gazing at a faded Ninth century Chinese painting.

In the meantime the rest of us had pressed around the body of Coe, and stood inspecting it in silence. Wrede and Grassi seemed appalled in the actual presence of death. Wrede spoke to Markham.

"I trust I did right in advising Gamble to call you before breaking in the door. I realize now that if there had remained a spark of life—"

"Oh, he was quite dead hours ago," Vance interrupted, without turning from the painting. "Your decision has worked out perfectly."

Markham swung about.

"What do you mean by that, Vance?"

"Merely that, if the door had been broken in, and the room overrun with solicitous friends, and the body handled for signs of life, and all the locked-in evidence probably destroyed, we would have had a deuced difficult time arrivin' at any sensible solution of what really went on here last night."

"Well, it's pretty plain to me what went on here last night." It was Heath who projected himself, a bit belligerently, into the talk. "This guy locked himself in, and blew his brains out. And even you, Mr. Vance, can't make anything original outa that."

Vance turned slowly and shook his head.

"Tut, tut, Sergeant," he said pleasantly. "It's not I who am going to spoil your simple and beautiful theory."

"No?" Heath was still belligerent. "Then who is?"

"The corpse," answered Vance theory."

Before Heath could reply, Markham, who had been watching Vance closely, turned quickly to Wrede and Grassi.

"I will ask you gentlemen to wait downstairs. . . . Hennessey, please go to the drawing room and see that these gentlemen do not leave it until I give them permission. . . . You understand," he added to Wrede and Grassi, "that it will be necessary to question you about this affair after we have had the verdict of the medical examiner."

The two, followed by Hennessey, passed out of the room and down the stairs.

Markham closed the door, and then wheeled about, facing Vance, who now stood behind Coe's desk gazing down moodily at the dead man's hand clutching the revolver.

"What's the meaning of all these mysterious inuendos?" he demanded testily.

"Not inuendos, Markham," Vance returned quietly, keeping his eyes on Coe's hand. "Merely speculations. I'm rather interested in certain aspects of this fascinatin' crime."

"Crime?" Markham gave a mirthless smile. "It was all very well for us to theorize before we got here—and I was inclined to agree with you that suicide seemed incompatible with Coe's temperament—but facts, after all, form the only reasonable basis for a decision. And the facts here seem pretty clear-cut. The door was bolted on the inside; there's no other means of entrance or exit to this room; Coe is sitting here with a revolver in his hand, and a hole in his right temple. There is no sign of a struggle; the windows and shades are down, and the lights burning . . . How, in Heaven's name, could it have been anything but suicide?"

"I'm sure I don't know." Vance shrugged wearily. "But it wasn't suicide—really, don't y' know." He frowned again. "And that's the weird part of it. Y' see, Markham, it should have been suicide—and it wasn't. There's something diabolical—and humorous—about this case. Humorous in a grim, satirical sense. Some one miscalculated somewhere—the murderer was sitting in a game with the cards stacked against him. . . . Positively amazin'!"

"But the facts," protested Markham.

"Oh, your facts are quite correct. As you lawyers say, they're irresistible. But you have overlooked additional facts."

"For instance?"

"Regard yon bedroom slippers." Vance pointed to the foot of the bed where a pair of red slippers were neatly arranged. "And then regard these heavy boots which the corpse is wearing. And yet he has on his dressing gown, and is sitting in his easy chair. A bit incongruous, what? Why did the hedonistic and luxury-loving Coe not change his footwear to something more relaxing for this great moment in his life? And note that haste was not a factor. His robe is neatly buttoned; and the girdle is tied in an admirable bow-knot. We can hardly assume that he suddenly decided on suicide half-way through his changing from street clothes to negligee. And yet, Markham, something must have stopped him."

"Your reasoning is not altogether convincing," Markham countered. "A man might conceivably wear heavy shoes with a dressing gown."

"Perhaps." Vance nodded. "I shan't be narrow-minded in these matters. But, assuming Coe is a suicide, why should he have chosen this chair facing the door? A man bent on doing a workmanlike job of shooting himself would instinctively sit up straight, where he could perhaps brace his arms and steady his hand. If he were going to sit by the desk at all he would, I think, have chosen the straight chair where he could rest both elbows on the top and thus insure a steady, accurate aim."

"His arm is on the end of the desk," put in Heath.

"Oh, quite—and in a rather awkward position—eh, what? Considering how low the easy chair is, Coe could not possibly have had his elbow on the desk when he pulled the trigger. If so, the shot would have gone over his head. His arm was necessarily lower than the desk when the gun was fired—if he fired it. Therefore, we must assume that after the bullet had entered his brain, he lifted his right arm to the desk and arranged it neatly in its present position."

"Maybe yes and maybe no," muttered Heath, after a pause during which he studied the body and raised his own right hand to his forehead. Then he added aggressively: "But you can't get away from that bolted door."

Vance sighed.

"I wish I could get away from it. It bothers me horribly. If it wasn't for the fact that the door was bolted on the inside, I'd be more inclined to agree that it was suicide. A man of Coe's intelligence wouldn't plan suicide and then deliberately make it difficult for anyone to reach his body. What could he have gained by securely bolting the door on the inside so that it would have to be broken in? The act of shooting would have been over in a second; and there was no danger of his being disturbed in his own bedroom. Had he killed himself he would have wanted Gamble—or some one else—to find him at the earliest possible moment. He would certainly not have placed deliberate difficulties in their way."

"But," argued Markham, "your very theoory confradicts itself. Who but Coe could have bolted the door on the inside?"

"No one apparently," answered Vance with a dispirited sigh. "And that's what makes the affair so dashed appealin'. The situation reads thus: A man is murdered; then he rises and bolts the door after the slayer has departed; and later he arranges himself in an easy chair so as to make it appear like suicide."

"That's a swell theory!" grunted Heath disgustedly. "Anyway, we'll know more about it when Doc Doremus gets here. And my bet is he's going to wash the whole case up by calling it suicide."

"And my bet is, Sergeant," Vance replied mildly, "that he's going to do nothing of the sort. I have an irresistible feelin' that Doctor Doremus will inform us that it is not suicide."

Heath screwed his face into a questioning frown and studied Vance. Then he snorted.

"Well, we'll see," he mumbled.

Vance paid scant attention. His eyes were moving over the desk. At one side of the blotter lay a quarto volume of "Li Tai Ming Ta'ü T'ou P'u," by Hsiang Yuan-p'ien.

"You see, Markham," he said, "Coe was apparently dreaming of his latest acquisition in peach-bloom shortly before he departed this life. And it is rather safe to assume that a man contemplating suicide does not indulge his acquisitiveness and investigate the history of his ceramic wares just before sending a bullet into his brain."

Markham waited without answering.

"And here's something else rather significant." Vance pointed to a small pile of blank note paper in the middle of the blotter. "This paper is lying a little on the bias, in the position that a right-handed man would place it if he contemplated writing on it. And, also, note that at the head of the first page is yesterday's date—Wednesday, October 10—"

"Ain't that natural?" put in Heath. "All these birds who commit suicide write letters first."

"But, Sergeant," smiled Vance, "the letter isn't written. Coe got no farther than the date."

"Can't a guy change his mind?" Heath persisted.

Vance nodded.

"Oh, quite. But in that case, the pen would, in all probability, be in the holder set. And you will observe that the pen container is empty, and that there is no pen visible on the desk."

"Maybe it's in his pocket."

"Maybe." Vance stepped back and bending over, ran his gaze over the floor round the desk. Then he knelt down and looked under the desk. Presently he reached out his arm and, from beneath the right-hand tier of drawers, drew forth a fountain-pen. Rising, he held the pen out.

"Coe dropped the pen, and it rolled under the desk." He placed it beside the note paper. "Men don't ordinarily drop fountain pens in the middle of writing something and then fail to pick them up."

Heath glowered in silence, and Markham asked:

"You think Coe was interrupted in the midst of writing something?"

"Interrupted? . . . In a way perhaps."

He walked to the shaded window and back, smoking leisurely. Suddenly he stopped and lifted his head, looking Markham straight in the eyes.

"Interrupted—yes! That's it! But not by any outside agency—not by an intruder. He was interrupted by something more subtle—more deadly. He was interrupted while he was alone. Something happened—something sinister intruded—and he stopped writing, dropped the pen, forgot it, rose, and seated himself in that easy chair. Then came the end, swift and unexpected—before he could change his shoes. . . . Don't you see? Those shoes are another indication of that terrible interruption."

"And the gun?" asked Heath contemptuously.

"I doubt if Coe saw the gun, Sergeant."

CHAPTER II

A Strange Discovery.

AT THIS moment the front door downstairs opened and shut with a bang, and we could hear a rather strident feminine voice addressing the butler.

"Morning, Gamble. Take my clubs and tell Liang to rustle me up some tea and muffins."

Then there came a sound of footsteps on the stairs.

Markham and Heath and I stepped toward the door just as the young woman reached the upper landing.

Miss Hilda Lake was a short, somewhat stockily built woman of about thirty, strong, resilient and athletic-looking. Her blue-gray eyes were steady and, I thought, a trifle hard; her nose was small and too broad for beauty; and her lips were full though unemotional. Her yellow-brown hair was cut short and combed straight back from a broad, low forehead.

As she reached the head of the stairs and saw Markham, she came forward with a swinging stride and held out her hand.

"Greetings," she said. "What brings you here so early? Business with uncle, I suppose." She ran her eyes appraisingly over Heath and me as she spoke and frowned. Then before Markham could answer she added: "Anything wrong?"

"Something seriously wrong, Miss Lake," Markham replied, trying to bar her way into the room. "If you will be so good as to wait—"

But the young woman with an aggressive gesture brushed past us and entered the room. The moment she caught sight of Archer Coe she went swiftly to him and knelt down, pucting her arm about him.

"Hey! Don't touch that body!" Heath stepped quickly up to her and put his hand on her shoulder none too gently, pulling her to her feet.

She swung toward him angrily, her feet wide apart.

Markham stepped diplomatically into the breach.

"Nothing must be touched, Miss Lake," he explained, "until the medical examiner arrives."

She regarded Markham calculatingly.

"Is it also against the law to tell me what's happened?" she asked.

"We know little more than you do," Markham returned mildly. "We have just arrived, and we found your uncle's body exactly as you see it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Legal Advertising

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA.
No. 19631
IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION OF HARRY R. BURT, for an Order Ascertaining and Establishing the POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS to be a Newspaper of General Circulation:
NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN STANDING.

....NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 7th day of September, A. D., 1934, Harry R. Burt, the Editor and Publisher of the POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS filed a petition in the above entitled matter, a full, true and correct copy of which said petition is as follows, to wit:

"IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA.
No. 19631
In the Matter of the Petition of HARRY R. BURT for an Order Ascertaining and Establishing the POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS to be a Newspaper of General Circulation.
PETITION TO ASCERTAIN STANDING.

....To the Honorable the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Contra Costa. ....

....The petition of Harry R. Burt respectfully shows: That he is and at all times herein mentioned has been the Editor and Publisher of POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS, a newspaper printed, established and published in the City of Richmond, County of Contra Costa, State of California; that the said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS is a newspaper of general circulation; that for more than one year continuously last past and immediately preceding the date of this petition said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS has been a newspaper published for the dissemination of local and telegraphic news and intelligence of a general character, and having a bona fide subscription list of paying subscribers, and that during all of said time said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS has been and now is established, printed and published at regular intervals in said City of Richmond, County of Contra Costa, State of California, for more than one year continuously and immediately preceding the date of this petition. ....

That the said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS has been established, printed and published in the said City of Richmond, County of Contra Costa, State of California, for more than one year immediately continuously preceding the date of this petition at regular intervals, to wit: Issued weekly, on Friday of each week, commencing on the 10th day of February, 1933, and continuing to and including the date of this petition and that said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS intends to continue the said newspaper and to print and publish the same at the same regular intervals.

That said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS is not now, nor has said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS during any of said period been, a newspaper devoted to the interests, or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination of for any number of such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations with the avowed purpose of entertaining or instructing such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations.

That the said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS and your petitioner desire to have the standing of the said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS as a newspaper of general circulation as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California ascertained and established, and that said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS for more than one year immediately preceding the date of this petition, has been established, printed, and published in the said City of Richmond, County of Contra Costa, State of California, at regular intervals, to wit: Issued weekly, on Friday of each week, commencing on the 10th day of February, A. D., 1933, and continuing to and including the date of this petition.

That said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS has been in existence under a specified name, during the whole of the period as aforesaid, and has been issued from said City of Richmond, the place where it was printed and sold to and circulated among the people and its subscribers during the whole of the period as aforesaid.

WHEREFORE, your petitioner prays that a day be appointed for hearing this petition and application; that due notice be given by publication of this petition for ten (10) days in said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS together with a notice that the petitioner will apply on the day set by the Court for hearing of this petition for an order of this Court, declaring the said POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS to be a newspaper of general circulation and that its standing as a newspaper of general circulation be ascertained and established and for such other and further relief and order as may be meet and proper.

Dated this 5th day of September, 1934.

HARRY R. BURT, Petitioner.
LEE D. WINDREM, Attorney for Petitioner.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA)
COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA) ss.

Harry R. Burt, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the petitioner named in the above entitled petition, and the Editor and Publisher of POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS in said petition referred to; that he has read the foregoing Petition to Ascertain Standing and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as to matters therein stated on information and belief, and that as to such matters he believes it to be true.

HARRY R. BURT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of September, 1934.
Elizabeth F. Gnaga, (Notarial Seal)
Notary Public in and for the County of Contra Costa, State of California."

Endorsed: "Filed September 8th, 1934.

S. C. WELLS, County Clerk,
By W. T. Paasch, Deputy. 1:30 p. m

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that said petition has been set for hearing, and that said petitioner intends to apply for the order in said petition mentioned on Monday, the 1st day of October, 1934, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock P. M., of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Courtroom of the above entitled Court, Dept. 2 thereof, at the Contra Costa County Hall of Records, in the City of Martinez, County of Contra Costa, State of California.

Dated this 8th day of September, 1934.

HARRY R. BURT, Petitoner.
LEE D. WINDREM, Attorney for Petitioner, 24 West Richmond Ave., Richmond, California.

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There are only a very few wild ostriches to be found in South Africa, and these are protected by law

Point Baptist Ladies Aid

Mrs. Curtis Patterson entertained the Ladies Aid at her home on Twelfth Stret last Friday. Mrs. Charles Forbes, vice president, presided in the absence of the president. Games were played and refreshments servd. Winnrs in the games were: Mesdames Samue. Janes, Richard Paasch, Henry Morelli, Charles Forbes, Theodore Hultberg, and Paul Dunlap. Mrs. William Pleton won a special prize for the manner in which the money was earned. Mrs. Richard Paasch will be hostess on Friday, September 21st.

DEMOCRATIC WOMEN

The Democratic Woman's Forum will hold its meeting Tuesday night at 8:30 o'clock at Hotel Carquinez.

Mrs. Beatrice Raymond of Berkeley, will address the meeting on the East Bay Regional Park.

Miss Minnie Lou Eakin, NRA Reporter will also speak on her work in the county.

Miss Emma E. Pearman will preside and all members are urged to attend.

NRA VIOLATOR FOUND GUILTY

Found guilty of contempt of court for violating a court order compelling him to comply with the meat dealers' code, Michael Weisberg of Cleveland, O., became the first defendant in an Ohio NRA conviction to be sentenced to a jail term. Common Pleas Judge Alva R. Corlett declared the evidence showed Weisberg overworked his employes without extra pay and fined him $100 and ten days in the county jail.

BEST LAUGH OF THE WEEK!

WAS WHEN—Well, to tell you the truth, the best laugh of THIS week must be published by us in the week of November 9th. If you can figure this one out, have a real laugh now!

Blue of the Sky

The blue of the sky is formed chiefly in the atmosphere about two and ten miles above the earth; the highest mountains penetrate through much of the belt, and seen from their summits the sky appears a very deep blue-violet.

Colorado School of Agriculture

The Colorado State School of Agriculture is located at Fort Collins, Colo.

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From 7 a. m. to 12 Noon

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

A LOVING MATE BUT POOR HOUSEKEEPER

"IT'S TIME for my dust bath," said Mourner the Dove to Peter Rabbit, as the latter sat thinking over what Mourner had just told him about eating gravel as an aid to digestion. "There is a dusty spot over in the Long Lane where I take a dust bath every day," continued Mourner.

"If you don't mind," said Peter, "I'll go with you."

Mourner said he didn't mind, so Peter followed him over to the dusty place in the Long Lane. There Mourner was joined by Mrs. Mourner, who was dressed very much like

"Now, If You Will Excuse Us, We Must Be Getting Back Home."

him save that she did not have so beautiful a neck. While they thoroughly dusted themselves they chatted with Peter.

"I see you on the ground so much that I've often wondered if you build your nest on the ground," said Peter.

"No," replied Mourner. "Mrs. Dove builds in a tree, but usually not far above the ground. Now, if you'll excuse us we must get back home. Mrs. Dove has two eggs to sit on, and while she is sitting, I like to be close at hand to keep her company and make love to her."

The Doves shook the loose dust from their feathers and flew away. Peter watched to see where they went, but lost sight of them behind some trees, so decided to run up to the Old Orchard. There he found Jenny and Mr. Wren as busy as ever feeding that growing family of theirs. Jenny wouldn't stop an instant to gossip. Peter was so brimful of what he had found out about Mr. and Mrs. Dove that he just had to tell some one. He heard Kitty the Catbird among the bushes along the Old Stone Wall, so hurried over to look for him. As soon as he found him, Peter began to tell what he had learned about Mourner the Dove.

"That's no news, Peter," interrupted Kitty. "I know all about Mourner and his wife. They are very nice people, though I must say that Mrs. Dove is one of the poorest housekeeprs I know of. I take it you never have seen her nest."

Peter shook his head. "No," said he, "I haven't. What is it like?"

Kitty the Catbird laughed. "It's about the poorest apology for a nest I know of," said he. "It is made of little sticks, and mighty few of them. How they hold together is more than I can understand. I guess it is a good thing that Mrs. Dove doesn't lay more than two eggs, and it's a wonder to me that those two stay in the nest. Listen! there's Mourner's voice now. For one happy he certainly does have the mournfulest sounding voice. To hear him you'd think he was sorrowful instead of happy. It always makes me feel sad to hear him."

"That's true," replied Peter, "but I like to hear him just the same. Hello! Who's that?"

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Rattlesnakes' Fangs Are Like Hypodermic Needles

The poisonous fangs of rattlesnakes look very much like harmless teeth growing one on each side of the top of the upper jaw, but a drop or two of the deadly venom is usually death to the victim, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The fangs are sharp as needles and behind them are the little cups that hold the poison. The whole arrangement works with the swift effectiveness of a hypodermic needle. The fangs puncture the skin of the victim and the poison cups empty their deadly liquid.

Their young are born alive, instead of being hatched from eggs, as the young of most snakes are. And, instead of being born in spring, in the north they're born in the autumn, and the poor baby snakes starve all winter, but the little banded rattlers live so listlessly deep down among the rocks that they don't seem to need food.

The old tale that you can cut a snake in two pieces and its tail won't stop wiggling until sundown is a "fish story." But there is one thing about a rattlesnake which is almost as remarkable as the yarn about the living tail—and that is the indestructible nature of its poison fangs.

You can cut out these terrible weapons, but if you think you've disarmed the old rattler, you're mistaken. For he simply pushes out a new pair of fangs, just as sharp, just as deadly, as the first. You can cut off this pair, and there will come another, for the wily old snake keeps a long row of fangs in reserve.

Indian Reservations

Most of the 160 Indian reservations in the United States are west of the Mississippi river.

GABBY GERTIE

"A home-wrecker razes everything but the family."

Unconscious Child Dancers

"The Dance of the Sleeping Children," performed in Bali, is one of the world's strangest rituals. Before a large audience, several little girl priestesses are made unconscious by a narcotic and then placed on their feet. Steadied by some uncanny power, they perform their dance in time with the music, moving all parts of their bodies except their feet, while in a state of complete trance.—Collier's Weekly.

Gold in Ocean Water

A cubic mile of sea or ocean water is said to contain about $10,000,000 worth of gold and $100,000,000 worth of bromine.

WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

The girl chum says the world would be better off if autograph hunters were as persistent as all that in a better cause.

WNU Service.

FUTURE 'PLANES TO BE MARVELS OF RAPID FLIGHT

Whirling through the stratosphere at well over a thousand miles an hour in the hermetically sealed cabin of a giant air liner, guided entirely by wireless control stations on earth—can you imagine the possibility? Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, hero of the recent record-smashing flight to Australia, believes this not only possible, but likely. In an astonishing vision of aerial development within the next fifty years he foresees air travel brought to such a pitch that ships and railways will become semi-obsolete, their sole use being as carriers of heavy freight.

"There will be no human pilot, but gyroscopic control," said Sir Charles. "The huge flying liners which will move through the stratosphere at a uniform speed of 1,200 miles an hour carrying 100 passengers in their luxurious cabins, will be fitted with super-efficiency, super-charged engines and variable pitch propellers.

"Risk will be negligible. Each plane will have ten, twelve or fifteen engines. In the event of one cutting off, the officer in charge will simply declutch that engine from the propeller while the mechanics repair it en route. Crude oil will probably be used as fuel."

Actually, to accomplish the amazing speed of which Sir Charles speaks we do not require more powerful engines than some already built. The atmospheric density 60,000 feet above the earth is about a quarter of what it is here, so that an engine, which under normal conditions today attains the high speed of 350 miles an hour, would hurtle through the rarefied atmosphere at 1,400 miles an hour.—Montreal Herald.

Up to Date Island

Although one of the smallest pieces of land in the Torres straits, Thursday island is not content with merely being known as "the little white jewel of the Coral sea." It is becoming a booster, and says it has everything civilized man needs. It declares it has all these: A mayor and corporation, a bishop (the bishop of Carpentaria), 280 acres of streets, a population of 4,000, six hotels, six clergymen, three churches and the headquarters of numerous missions, three schools, a nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, a chamber of commerce, Free Masons, Odd Fellows and Buffaloes, a country women's association, a geographical society, three football clubs, five cricket clubs, a rifle club, a yacht club, a sailing club, Japanese and Malay clubs, a race course, a cinema, a daily paper edited by the mayor and a uniformed town band.

Naturally!

First Vacationist—This place gives me a pain.

Second Vacationist—Why, what's eating you?

First Vacationist—Mosquitoes!

Famous Old Portuguese City

Sunny Oporto, Which Gave Its Name to Port Wine, One of the Most Picturesque of Old-World Centers of Population.

Few people realize that Portugal, the most ancient of the actual colonizing countries of Europe, still rules the third largest colonial empire. Only England and France possess more outlying domain.

To call attention to the resources and development of Portugal's 936,264 square miles of colonies in Africa and Asia, a national colonial exhibition was held in Oporto from June until September.

"Although second in population and importance to Lisbon, the capital, Oporto is the best known city of Portugal to outsiders, because it has given its name to port wine, one of the nation's chief exports," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. "'Oporto' means 'The Harbor' in Portuguese, but to its residents the city is simply 'Porto.'

"Oporto's rainbow-tinted, tile-roofed buildings terrace the slopes of a cliff on one side of the Douro river gorge. On the opposite side of the canyon is the town of Villa Nova de Gaia, where the port wine warehouses are located. Two magnificent bridges span the deep gorge.

"There are three rival views. One is from the Dom Luiz bridge, looking up at the city on the heights and down on the busy waterfront by the chocolate-colored river, where quaint sailing craft and modern freighter meet. Another view is from the heights down on the granite gorge of the Douro. A third, from the Ribeira, or river road, has an unbelievably picturesque background of steep streets and tall, narrow houses with projecting gables and colored tile facades.

"Built into the wall at the foot of the cliff are all manner of little booths patronized by longshoremen. The river road, which is always thronged, is the photographer's Mecca. Here are the bullock carts awaiting their loads; here the human carriers, men bearing burdens in boat-shaped baskets on their shoulders and women carrying everything imaginable on their heads, from a load of slate slabs or a basket piled high with codfish to a baby asleep in a cradle. The load is balanced on a little circular pad resembling a hard pincushion.

"In Lisbon the ox cart has practically disappeared, but in Oporto it holds its own beside the automobile and the electric tram. The rural 'singing carts,' whose creaking is heard from afar, however, are unknown in the cities, where such sounds are unlawful, and the wheels are kept well oiled.

"On street corners women sell freshly boiled shellfish, which are as popular as peanuts with us. The bright handkerchief worn over the woman's head in the Minho district is here replaced by a small, flat, circular, black velvet hat. Men, with baskets slung from the ends of poles, trot the streets, selling fruit and vegetables.

"The homes of the middle class are one-floor apartments in tall downtown houses, but the wealthy citizens live in the suburbs, where their ornate homes are half hidden behind trees and flowering shrubs, the gardens enclosed within high stone walls.

"In no other city save Rio de Janeiro is there such a satisfactory sight-seeing tram system. Twenty different lines come into the Praca da Liberdade. Each car bears a number, and a little book with a map gives its itinerary. You can ride to the river's mouth, up the coast to Leixoes, where the ocean liners dock, and back to town through the residential section, or across the bridge over the Douro to Villa Nova de Gaia.

"In the business district there are shop windows filled with the attractive gold and silver filigree jewelry manufactured in and near Oporto. The finest example of the silversmith's art is in a chapel of the old cathedral, where the altar, tabernacle, reredos, and plate are entirely of silver, a century's work of Portuguese artists.

"The inner walls of the railroad station are covered with historic paintings in blue and white glazed tiles. To follow these pictures in sequence is to know the outstanding events in the city's varied history, through Roman and Visigothic rule down to that red-letter day, in 1386, when King Joao I rode through the northern gate beside his fair English bride, Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt. A warm friendship, exemplified during the World war, has ever since existed between England and Portugal. Among the five sons born to Joao and Philippa was the prince known as Henry the Navigator.

"Christopher Columbus studied navigation in Oporto, on his way from Spanish Galicia, where his boyhood was spent, to Lisbon; but he was little known in those days and is not in the tile picture.

"The vines which produce the port wine grapes are not grown near Oporto, but about sixty miles up the Douro valley. The sailing boats which bring the barrels of wine downstream to warehouses in Villa Nova de Gaia are flat-bottomed, to pass over shoals and around sandbars. They are most picturesque, with a spoon-shaped prow and one huge, square sail, bellying in the wind like those used on the earliest type of Phoenician craft. When the boats are bound upstream, long, heavy poles are employed, and progress against the current is achieved by main strength.

"Beside the wine carriers on the lower Douro are gondola-like boats with graceful lateen sails, an inheritance from the Moors; and narrow boats, high in prow and stern, like the ancient Grecian galleys. A book could be written on the strange craft to be seen in Portuguese waters."

"Gates of Sorrow"

Babel Mandeb, a body of water with a name meaning "gates of sorrow," is a strait connecting the Indian ocean and the Red sea. It separates the southeastern part of Arabia from the continent of Africa. Near the African coast are the volcanic islets, Eight Brothers. The strait offers so many dangers to small vessels that the name meaning gates of sorrow was given to it

Do You Know—

That the wood not including wood fuel used annually by the United States, if nailed together, would make an Atlantic City boardwalk reaching from the earth to the moon. In lumberman's language, this would total about 53,000,000,000 feet (square feet one inch thick).

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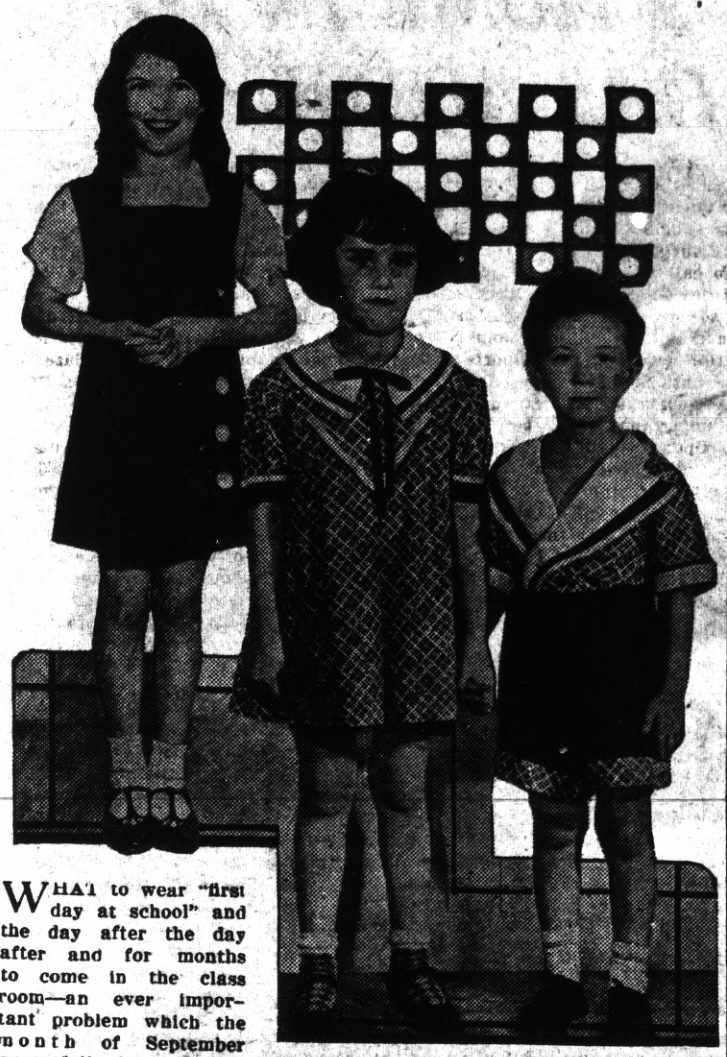
Solving School Clothes Problems

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHAT to wear "first day at school" and the day after the day after and for months to come in the class room—an ever important problem which the month of September never fails to present as it sings the swan-song of happy vacation time.

To doting mothers and others whose responsibility it is to see that the children of the household go suitably and modishly appareled to school, the message in regard to juvenile fashions according to early fall showings is sure to prove nothing less than inspirational. That designers are giving so much of their best efforts to create attractive, at the same time practical styles for little folks ought to be a very encouraging sign for future costuming.

The trio of cunning models pictured tell a fascinating story of early fall juvenile style trends. These charming fashions were selected for illustration from among a host of equally attractive outfits for youngsters as displayed in recent style shows held by the Chicago Wholesale Market council. The young miss standing to the left in the picture shows how really style-wise a little girl of this day and generation can be in that she is wearing a frock of green wool crepe, and green as the color card tells us is a leader this season, especially dark mossy greens. Then, too, interest in crepe weaves is very apparent in the fabric realm. Being jumper style, this dress is ideal for school wear, for the little maiden can enjoy a fresh blouse each day if she so chooses.

Again brother and sister outfits are proving of tremendous appeal and in this connection it is interesting to note that the two-sister theme is also being advocated, in which costumes showing duplication of color and pattern are sized to fit little girls of different ages. In the instance of the brother and sister outfits pictured, plaid in a gay new cotton weave will go off to school in a manner to delight every eye that beholds this adorable two-some. The contrast of plain with print is effectively emphasized.

Speaking generally of style items stressed at these recent previews of children's fashions one is impressed with the radical color departure in little folks' costumes. Instead of the dainty childish colors usually associated with the juvenile world little girls are now adopting the greens, browns and reds of their older sisters with of course a continued use of dark blue.

Also it is noted that plaids identify an increasing number of frocks this fall, taking from the formerly favored floral prints considerable of their glory. One clever frock in the style parade looks like a genuine Scotch costume with its red plaid pleated skirt and navy bolero over a white blouse. Frocks of unusual interest also feature the use of three and even four colors.

As to the important fabrics it is significant that woolens are proving a strong factor. Wool crepes and novelties lead, while even the cottons take on a wool-like texture.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Knicknacks in Profusion

Rust is a coming novelty color in both silk and wools.

Velvet earrings are new and modish evening accessories.

The pillbox toque is one of the most debonair of the new hats designed by Molyneux.

The boa of marabout fur, highly popular in Edwardian days, has returned to London.

The interest in little kerchiefs in velvet, taffeta, metal bengaline and crepe continues.

Belts of dull-luster black satin with chromium clasps will do a lot for white dresses or prints in black and white.

Scarfs continue to flaunt their sauciness in Roman stripes. Paisleys and even the Italian flag colors, trimmed in cellophane braid.

Classroom dresses, with narrow or wider turnover collars of self-fabric, are a practical type, getting away from lingerie trimmings.

Among the knicknacks that make dressing fun are ivory sea horses as fasteners on dark wool coats, garlands of copper flowers holding up the straps of evening gowns and onyx buttons flashing like jet at high necklines.

While black is undeniably the leader in collections of daytime fashions, there are numerous instances of color, and bright color (with lively greens and reds, also rust represented).

PARIS GIVES RULES FOR FALL CLOTHES

Longer Skirts and Narrower Shoulders Good.

Paris dressmakers began the new deal in haute couture with the semi-annual ritual of showing the world what the well-dressed woman will wear for 1934-35.

To be among the fashionable elite, Paris says, Eve's sisterhood will wear:

1. Longer skirts.
2. Narrower shoulders.
3. Quantities of dead black slightly relieved.
4. Exotic hats — many knitted and flat fur types.
5. Kid, peccary, doeskin and flat fur shoes for daytime. Satin, brocade, velvet and platinum for evening.
6. Costly fur coats and fox capes.
7. A modicum of jewelry when not genuine.
8. Gloves matching ensembles and mid-elbow.
9. Skin-fit lingerie.
10. Colors from the East Indies deepened, blended, combined and contrasted with black and a new black-iris brown.

DOTTED SWISS AS POPULAR AS EVER

Dear old dotted swiss is with us again. Dear Dotty is never far away, although she retires demurely to the country, from whence she first migrated. She was at Lady D's ball, too, her background white and her dots blue. Her hem had a four-inch ruffle all the way around and was shorter than the majority of her companions. She was accompanied by a cape fitted to the shoulders, tied at the neck with a small bow and buttoned down the front with tiny white linen shirt buttons. The cape was cut square in front and back and edged with ruffles of the same width as that on the skirt. Pale pink satin sandals peeped out from beneath the hem of the skirt.

Three Types in Furs for Autumn and Winter Wear

Among the new fur coat fashions for autumn and winter, three silhouettes are importantly featured in recent showings.

The swagger type in short length will, of course, be the favorite for sports. Then there is the straight-hanging box coat type, which is particularly becoming and different. The third silhouette will, it is believed, appeal most in the more expensive furs. This style is semi-fitted at the waist and over the hips with a shallow flare at the bottom.

A feature of note is that many of the new fur coats will have belts, yet can be worn without the belt if desired.

If you feel low-

don't be discouraged—remember, loss of strength... sleeplessness... nervousness... paleness... lack of appetite... and general run-down condition quite often may be traced directly to low blood strength—that is, the red corpuscles and vital oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood are below normal.

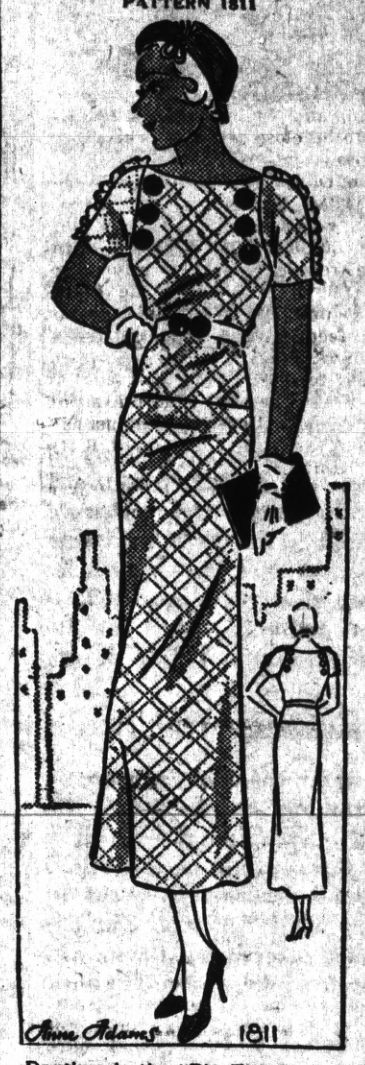
S.S.S. is the great, scientifically-tested, medicine for restoring this blood content. Its benefits are progressive... accumulative... and enduring. By all means try it for better health and more happiness. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... and renewed strength.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest substitution. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S. the world's great blood medicine

HAS SMARTNESS AND SIMPLICITY

PATTERN 1811



Daytime is the "Big Time" of sunny days—days that are crowded with activity from morn 'til sunset. You'll need many crisp cotton frocks—and now's the time to plan and make them! If it's smartness plus simplicity you're looking for, this model fills the bill with both! The wide neckline and the raglan-like sleeves with a bit of self-ruffling trim are new, and just no trouble at all to set in place. Large, handsome colored buttons lend an eye-catching interest. Make your frock of a novelty cotton—and you'll be up to the minute. Beginners will find the new Sewing Instructor a guide that is very easy to follow.

Pattern 1811 is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 takes 3¼ yards 36 inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth street, New York.

'BUTCHER BOY BACK' IS MUCH IN FAVOR

Possibly you have never thought of your butcher as a very stylish person. Now we have Mainbocher's "the butcher boy back." It's a loose back gathered from a shallow shoulder yoke. The front of this jacket or tunic, whichever it happens to be, is belted. Belted front and unbelted back are regarded with favor by all who have seen this new arrangement. It adds an extra fillip to the two-piece costume, which is, as you know, one of the season's latest pets. Since so many women find difficulty in wearing belts well, the partially belted idea is a life saver.

Tunics have a long way to go before they catch up to their reputation. We've been hearing about tunics consistently, but that's as far as one can truthfully say the idea has gone. With the two-piece idea having the endorsement of the haute couture, there is every reason to see the tunic coming in vogue at last.

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other appearance. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

FOOT IRRITATIONS

Blisters, cracked skin, itching or burning soon relieved and healing promoted with soothing

Resinol

All cleaned up, and Rarin' to go..

CLEANED SPARK PLUGS GIVE MOTORS THE SPARK OF LIFE... SAVE GAS... SNAP UP PERFORMANCE

only 5c a plug

Removing spark plug oxide coating gets rid of the chief cause of sluggishness, hard starting, loss of power. All Registered AC Cleaning Stations are ready—NOW—to clean your spark plugs. It costs so little—means so *much!* Replace badly worn plugs with new ACs.

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Look for the "Plug-in-the-Tub"

Tune in: Raymond Knight and the CUCKOOS—Saturdays, 10 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time

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The BEST *Accommodations*
The FINEST *Meals.....*
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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

A Democratic Newspaper That Stands Solidly Behind President Roosevelt's New Deal.
Issued Every Friday from the Office at
24 West Richmond Ave., Phone Richmond 3456
HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER

5c per copy — 65c for 6 Months
50c for 3 Months — $1.50 for One Year

AS MAINE GOES——

Poor Old Oakland Tribune! Why COULDN'T that Good Old State of Maine have gone Republican this year and saved the headache for Joe Knowland's Bugle?

We always will believe that Joe had a fine editorial all written under the heading of "As Maine Goes So Goes the Nation" in anticipation of Republican victory; and then when the "New Deal" and even repeal swept everything before it in that one time bluebreasted stronghold, he was forced to change the context in his Wednesday editorial by showing by statistics the slogan was "all wet." Well, Joe may get over it but he'll never look the same.

Moreover, suppose the Republicans ever did—perish the thought—"come back." How can Joey ever go back to the old standard "As Maine Goes" formula which like the "Full Dinner Pail" has now been knocked into a last year's cocked hat?

"ME AND THE BANKER"

Have you ever stopped to consider the main reason the Republican Party was able to remain in the saddle for so many years in this country? Sycophancy—which is the high-toned word that defines the attitude of those lick-spittles who would like to consider themselves great by voicing ideas which are all very well for rich bankers but sound most incongruous when uttered by those who have no seat in their pants, and broken shoe-laces on their shoes.

I well remember years ago when I worked as a tool-dresser for Old "Doc" Griffiths, the millionaire oil operator, distinguished for his ability to get state oil lands for nothing. One day I was expounding some of my college-begotten ideas, which I am frank to confess at that time bordered on this lickspittle idea. The Doctor fetched me up pronto.

"Look here, son," se said kindly, "We're both in Texas and we're both Democrats. But if there were an excuse for either of us to be a Republican, it would be me. I have money. You are poor. And the Democratic Party is the party favorable to the poor man."

I'll never forget the good old Doctor's advice; and judging by the overwhelming votes received by Upton Sinclair this year, and President Roosevelt two years ago, when so many of us are being reminded by our stomachs that there is something more to this voting business than braggadocio, there are mighty few but the bankers themselves who have the nerve to pat themselves on the chest and boast: "Me and the Banker."

THE APPLE CART IS UPSET

Hearken to Upton Sinclair's definition of "Journalism" as published in "The Brass Check."

> "Journalism is one of the devices whereby industrial autocracy keeps its control over political democracy; it is the day-by-day, between elections propaganda, whereby the minds of the people are kept in a state of acquiescence, so that when the crisis of an election comes, they go to the polls and cast their ballots for either one of the two candidates of their exploiters."

Now, just stop and think for a moment; Harding or Cox in 1920; Coolidge or John W. Davis in 1924; suppose it had been; Merriam or Wardell this year. But thanks be, it is Merriam or Sinclair—and at last the people have a choice. Against the power of the subsidized press he has been nominated, and against that same power he will be elected in November.

When that happens we believe that Governor Sinclair will be forced to change his definition because the metropolitan press will have been so discredited that it must change its ways if it is ever to regain the ground it will surely lose in this campaign.

WARNING!

Keep your mouth closed and your ears open; and vote as only you and Almighty God knows how you will vote.

TEXT OF RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE DEMOCRATS

(Continued from Page 1.)

"WHEREAS, Upton Sinclair for Governor and Sheridan Downey for Lieutenant-Governor, have been chosen on the basis of their records and program as the standard bearers of the Democratic party of the State of California by the members of said party, and

"WHEREAS the Contra Costa County Democratic Central Committee must appoint delegates to the State Convention to meet September 20th, 1934, at Sacramento, and members of the State Central Committee to meet September 27th, 1934

"THEREFORE, be it resolved that in keeping with the trust vested in them by the members of the Democratic party that said delegates from Contra Costa County to the State Convention shall pledge themselves to support for the chairman of said convention such a man as shall meet with the approval of said standard bearers of te Democratic Party of California,

"FURTHERMORE, that said delegates from Contra Costa County to the said convention shall pledge themselves to support such a platform as shall met the approval of said standard bearers of the Democratic party of California.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that in keeping with the trust vested in them by the members of the Democratic party that said members of said State Central Committee shall indorse and give their full support to the said standard bearers of the Democratic party of California."

ROBERT L. WILLIS,
Chairman, Martinez,
ROBERT ADAMS,
Secretary, Richmond.

NRA MEMBER U.S.

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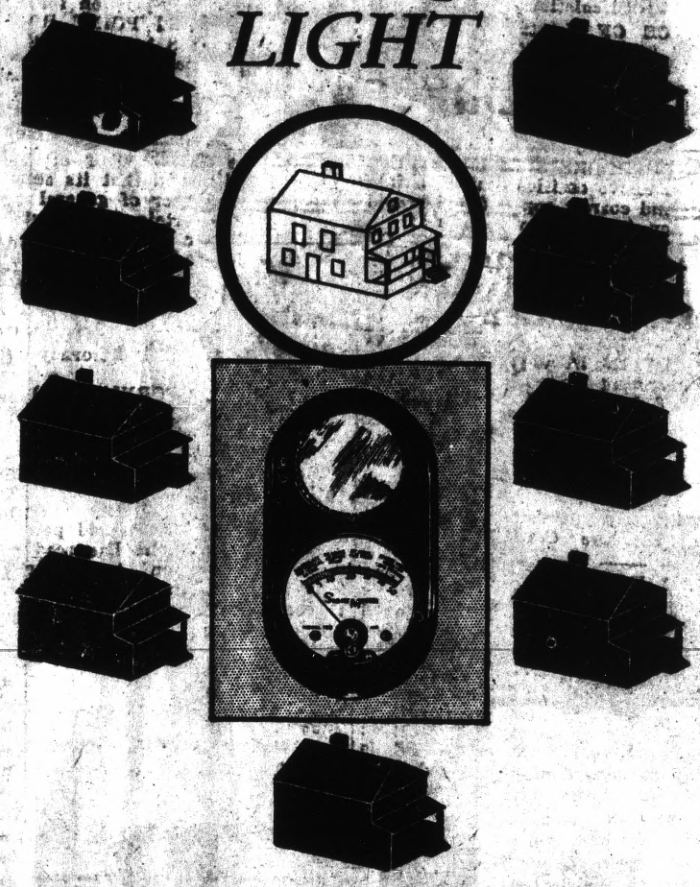
1 HOME IN 10 HAS ADEQUATE LIGHT



AFTER sundown only one home in ten has light sufficient to help vision instead of hurting the eyes. That is a strong statement but it is true.

Would you like to know for sure if your home is properly lighted at night? This is what you should do about it:

1. Have a Sight Meter test made of the lighting in your home. 2. Have enough light in enough places—25 to 100 footcandles. 3. Have diffused light without glare. 4. Ask your local dealer to help you or call on this company.

Remember this, the difference in cost between good light and poor light is very small. Good lighting pays for itself when it saves eyesight and preserves health.

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WEEDS FOR POULTS SERVE AS GREENS

Young Turkeys Need Plenty of Succulent Feed.

Poults will consume large quantities of green feed if it is available. The digestive tract of turkeys requires lots of bulk and succulence and green feed is necessary for them if good performance is to be had. And, if large amounts are consumed, green feed will help cut down the consumption of other costly feeds, not only promoting a better growth but making for efficient production as well. When poults are small, says a correspondent in the Missouri Farmer, succulent greens such as lettuce, spinach or rape, should be free of stems and cut finely so as to avoid choking. Later, as the poults grow larger, the greens need not be cut, although the flock should be watched for choking. As the season advances, succulent greens become scarce, when other sources of greens must be sought.

The best sources of greens later in the season are alfalfa and clover, but where these are not available weeds can be fed with safety and at a profit. Generally speaking, weeds should be fed that are relished by such animals as cows, and weeds that cows do not eat readily, such as jimson, burdock, cocklebur and iron weeds, should be avoided. Some of the best weeds to feed are wild lettuce, lambs quarter, worm weed, sour and narrow dock, morning glory, and pig weed. Turkeys are especially fond of narrow and sour dock.

Stems should not be given, the leaves being plucked off, but where stems are accidentally fed they should be removed from the turkey pens after the leaves are eaten off. Occasionally, when weeds are fed, a turkey will become choked on a large stem, and when this occurs it should be caught, held by the feet with head downward, and stem worked out of the throat and mouth with the hands. The operation is simple and will not harm the poult.

Shavings Are Superior to Straw to Protect Eggs

Shavings in the nests, straw on the floor, and wire netting over the dropping boards—such material and equipment lead to the production of clean eggs.

These are the results of tests as reported by P. B. Zumbro, extension specialist in poultry husbandry for the Ohio State university.

Under such conditions only 23 per cent of the eggs produced were dirty. When straw was used for nesting material in place of shavings, the proportion of dirty eggs rose to 49 per cent. Where no nesting material was used, the percentage of dirty eggs was 77.

Consumers want eggs that are free from stain and dirt, but they do not want washed eggs. Washing not only takes time; it also removes the protecting "bloom," which detracts from the appearance of the egg.

It was found that one nest is required for each five birds in the house. Gathering two or three times each day was recommended by the investigators.

Damaged Poultry Feeds

Through no fault of anyone a lot of poultry feed sometimes becomes slightly damaged. Then it is a question whether to use it or not. It is certain that if it is not given to the poultry it will not hurt them. It is just as certain that if it is not used for feed it will be worth to anyone only what it will be worth to him as fertilizer. The true test of the advisability of using such feeds is how well fed poultry will eat them. Uusually, stuffs that are only slightly damaged will be eaten readily as a part of the ration containing the same stuffs in fresh and sweet condition. In this way they may be worked off gradually with no fear of ill effect on the birds.—Boston Herald.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service.

Events in the Lives of Little Men

Cobbler's Shop

The older brother of Harold was telling him about the blacksmith shop where their father used to have work done.

"And was that the same place where daddy had his horses half soled?" asked Harold.

Some Comfort

"It is said when a man goes mad the first one he injures is the one he loves most," remarked friend husband.

"Well," snapped his wife, "it's a comfort to know that if you go mad you'll be so busy injuring yourself I will have a chance to escape."

Do You Raise Chicks?

Housewife—How much are these chickens, Mr. Cashcarry?

Grocer—They are $1.10 a piece.

Housewife—Did you raise them yourself?

Grocer—Yes, they were $1 apiece last week. I had to raise them.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Oracle Okay

Jags—Doctor, my wife has insomnia very badly. She very often remains awake until two o'clock in the morning. What shall I do for her?

Doctor—Go home earlier.—Stray Stories Magazine.

PAST COMMANDER'S NIGHT AT LEGION PROVES PLEASANT AND JOLLY AFFAIR

With J. Earle Davis, Junior Commander in charge, the meeting last night with past commanders in the chairs proved a howlin success. Most of the howling wa done by the P. C.s themselves when the members decided to hav some fun at their expense. Past Commanders who attended were: Vickery, Wierda, Crose, Tandy, Sears, St. John, Barry, Bradley, Narbett, Burt, and Davis. Commander Lloyd Spires conducted the business meeting.

OUR "ACCIDENT CORNER" ONCE MORE IN HEADLINES

About a year ago Councilman Scott moved that the stop signs at Sixth and Nevin Avenues be removed. Shortly afterward, a series of accidents occured at the corner and the PROGRESS suggested putting the stop signs back. Councilman Ripley so moved, but Scott forced a compromise by putting the sign back on an opposite corner. This week our friend George Schramm came in and told us he was a passenger in a car which was wrecked by a truck at this corner because the sign was on the wrong corner. Now, Councilman Scott may feel that his judgement is more important than the safety of our people, but we feel that in order to make it right; signs should be placed on both, or even all, corners of Sixth and Nevin, and then enforce the law to stop these accidents.

MAENNERCHOR NEWS

The Richmond Maennerchor plans two very pleasant social evenings this fall. The Gemiglichtabend to be held at Maennerchor Hall in the near future; and the pretentious Semi-Annual Dance which will be held at Winters Hall just before Thanksgiving. on the Committee are Singers Rieger, Hugger, Schnabel, Crauel, Homme, Burt, and President Martens who is ex-officio member.

The Old Democrat

(Continued From Front Page)

This clever servant to him who wants the sheriff to take off his crown and robe and make him the Kingfish of Contra Costa County who spends something else than time rounding up the milling hero, gloats over these victims with all the mirth of an executioner's guteral laugh, as heads drop in the basket, BUT what a merry laugh will vibrate the atmosphere when the King's Political Head and the Executioner's servile head suffer the guillotine of public wrath.

* * *

Now let us view the mighty intellects whose palms are weighted with the destiny of the Democratic Party of Contra Costa County. Here sitting in one corner, cramped under the strain of conscious disobedience, sits the furtive eyed young barrister who holds high reverence for his director and mentor, the fisherman's friend, the ex-assemblyman. He doth carry out with innocent guilt the deep laid plot by nominating, with cradle like voice, the chairman... The election is on.

* * *

Time forbids a complete analysis. Probably there will be further discussion next week.

* * *

As I was leaving after adjournment, a fellow spectator said, "The meeting seemed to be copper riveted."

"Copper-riveted He....," said his companion, "it was Galvanized."

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TRUPAK PINEAPPLE JUICE ..... 2 No. 2 cans 25c
I.G.A. MATCHES, large kitchen size .... 3 boxes 13c
I.G.A. Cleanser 4 cans 15c
I.G.A. MACARONI or SPAGHETTI, long or elbow 2 8-oz. pkgs. 13c
I.G.A. CREAM CEREAL ..... large pkg. 19c

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LARGE SWEET JUICY
4 for 19c

ORANGES
SWEET AND JUICY
Each 1c

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I. G. A.
Quart Jar 35c
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Sunlight BUTTER

lb. 31c

EGGS
Preferred-Guaranteed
Large Doz. 31c
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